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**The Lodging-house
cat songster**

London

[18--]

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THE LODGING-HOUSE CAT, SONGSTER:



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THE LODGING-HOUSE CAT.
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ON SUNDAY.
TOASTS & C.

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY G. INGRAM. 41, OLD STREET, ST. LUKES.

LACE PAPER, & FANCY & COMIC VALENTINE MANUFACTURER.

ДИНЕР ЭНСКОМ

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This image is a high-contrast, black-and-white scan of a surface. The background is predominantly light gray. It is covered with a dense, irregular distribution of dark, speckled noise. There are no discernible characters, symbols, or other graphical elements.

THE PRACTICAL
MANUFACTURE
OF
CLOTHING
FOR
WOMEN
AND
CHILDREN
BY
JOHN
HARRIS,
LONDON,
1830.

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LOGX

NEW COLLECTION OF SONG.

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUDE.

Sung by Mr. John LOWRY.
Music published by him at 115A Old Street,
FINSBURY.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat-night has flown—
Come into the garden, Maud,
I'm here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spiced my wasted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown,
for a breeze-morning moves;
And the planet of love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of faded sky;
so faint in the light of the sun shadowes—
To faint in his light and tide.
and the soul of the rose went into my blood.
As the music clashed in the hall,
And long by the garden lake I stood;
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood that is dearer than all,
Queen rose of the rosebud, garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done;
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls
Queen, lilly, and rose, in one;
Shine out little head, sunning over withurls,
To the flowers are on their sun,

There has fallen a splendid tear.
From the pasture door at the gate,
She is coming my dove, my deer,
She is coming my lily, my mate;
The red rose comes "She is near, She is near,"
And the white rose "She is late,"
The larkspur listens "I hear, I hear,"
And the lilly whispers "I wait"
She is coming, my own, my sweet
Were it ever so many dead,
My heart would beat and beat,
Were it earth is a burning hell,
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead,
Would start from the ring of her feet,
And blossoms as purple and red.

THE SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

Sung by W. J. Williamson.
On the midnight ocean, slumbering,
A youthful sailor lies,
While scenes of happy childhood
In his dreaming soul arise;
Still shining, seems the sabbath bell,
As sweetly as of yore,
And once again he roams the fields
And sees his cottage door,
In her arms his mother folds him

With affection's fond caress,
His gentle bright eyed sister too,
In rapture round him press,
His aged father meets him—
And his young companions come—
To welcome him—once more to share
The dear delights of home,
not estranged To welcome,
Hark! what wild shrieks dispels his dream—
Whence sounds those cries of woe?
With the storm loud thunders mingle,
Dumb the ship the billows flow,
From his hammock starts the editor,
He dashes to the deck,
The vessel rolls with lightning's blaze,
Shaking a burning wreck; in whose fires
The winds have riven
The sailor madly starts,
His heart's parting knell of death
The tempest loudly rings,
All is dark and drear are the scenes around,
Not a bear bears o'er the waves—no lion
With spirit bears him—no eagle flies,
To the sailor's shroudless grave,
Ocean splits, the deep seas roar,
Hills no stony bloom too sumptuous,
On forever at the cottage hearthside where he'll
Shall be again be seen,
No more his playmates merely,
Leaps upon the green, in songs of glee,
In vain for him the birds shall sing
The hawthorn deck the tree—
For, slumbering on the sand-banks
Beneath the swelling sea,
Oh! where are happy childhood's scenes—
Where now the chiming bell,
The Reids bairn which he used to stray,
The dog he loved so well,
For ever lost, yet still he stands
A home of peace and joy, still safe and still secure,
Where neither stormy wind nor wave
Can wrench the sailor boy.
Where peathers,
Where peathers,
THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

RECITATIVE.

Orynnah, my beloved, I call in vain!
Orynnah, Echo hears and calls again,
A mimic voice repeats the name around,
And with Orynnah all the rocks resound,
A hermit who dwells in these solitudes croaks his air,
As way-worn & faint up the mountain I pressed,
The aged man paused on his staff to accost me,
And plucked his cell as my mansion of rest,
Ah! my courteous father, right onward Irove,
No rest but the grave for the Pilgrim of Love,
"Yet tarry, my son, till the burning noon pass,
Let boughs of the lemon tree shelter thy head,
The juice of ripe muscadels flows in my glasses
And rushes fresh pull'd for Siesta are spread,
"Ah! nay, courteous father, right onward Irove,
No rest but the grave for the Pilgrim of Love."

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Mary's Policeman.

Written & Sung by MR. RIGHTON.
Music at L'ENFANT, Rathbone Place.

Kind friends pray pay attention and my woes I will relate,
And although it may seem rather queer,
It's all true what I state.
I'm a man of edification, likewise you will see that
I'm not a common sort of chap, but a reg'lar barristerocrat.
And a forth' I'd a mate, as I'm a know-ing blade,
And up to many rummy tricks, tho' I never learnt a trade,
But ven e'er good luck I see, it's allus drew away from me,
'Cos a P'liceman with big whisks takes a sly glance at me.

Now vy I fears that P'liceman's glance very quickly will be seen;
I once put on some soldier's clothes and passed for a horse marine.
I made strong love to a servant gal, ven she fetched her master's beer,
Though I know'd she'd got a P'liceman for her true lover.
At the area gate one night, ven ve thought it was all right,
She brought me out a cold meat pie, but started with affright,
The cause of her alarm I turned round to see;
When Mary's P'liceman with big whisks took a sly glance at me.

Next I thought to make some cash by pertendin' to be blind,
I had a dog tied to a string vich I slowly walk'd behind,
"I'm blind" was wrote upon a card, my dog he had a tin,
Vich he carried in his mouth for folks to put the money in.
With closed eyes I went my round, ven I thought I heard a sound,
Like a shilling drop into the tin of my poor faithful hound.
I slowly open'd my right eye, a shilling thought to see,
But instead of a bright shilling, Mary's Bobby glanced at me.

Then I put on sailor's clothes, tied my arm up in a sling,
And fasten'd on a wooden leg, vich looked like the real thing,
I talk'd about my wounds & scars, and sung about the sea.
'Cos English folks for poor sailors have always sympathy.
A lady came along who listen'd to my song,
Vich made her cry 'cos my voice if not sweet is strong,
She then offered me some money vich I'd nearly got whea he
Mary's P'liceman with big whisks took a sly glance at me.

Then the father starving dodge with an infant I did try,
I paid sixteenpence for a baby vich I pinch'd to make it cry.
This dodge don't pass so well just now the only reason is
That babies used to be so cheap, but babies now is riz.
But an old gent with the gout, I saw pull his purse out,

And I should ha' got summat wery handsome I've no doubt,
But I dropt the baby in the mud, as a voice exclaim'd to me,
"Move on" and Mary's P'liceman took a sly glance at me.

Once I'd walk'd so worry fur my legs I could not keep,
So I sat down on a door step and I quickly fell asleep,
And in my sleep I had some dreams of, oh, such pleasant things,
I thought I was the friend of princes, emperors and kings.
I was at the court of France, far away from that sly glance,
A walking with the Empress who had just ask'd me to dance.
I squeeze'd her hand, she squeezed mine that squeeze'd it wake up me,
And the P'liceman, not the Empress, took a sly glance at me.

Now P'liceman is a useful lot, does some good I desay,
At least when they're not wanted, they are always in the way,
I've heard it said as in older times they used to torture, bake and burn,
But what torture's like that P'liceman's sly glance I've yet to learn.
Go where, do what I will, that sly glance is on me still,
I wish I was an M.P. I would then bring in this Bill.
If a P'liceman saw an honest man as liv'd by robbery,
That P'liceman should be hung for only one sly glance at he

You may guess my astonishment.
When Sal let go my arm,
And took hold of her cousin,
Which I thought was rather warm.
Says I, "Sal what d'ye mean by this?"
Says she, "don't be a fool!"
"It's all right," said her cousin,
"My dear Sir, take it cool."
To strike him I felt inclined,
But he was so jolly tall,
And I felt at that moment,
So particularly small,
"This is an old acquaintance
Of mine says," faithless Sal,
"For you really are too soft for me,
Or any other gal."

My ears I could scarce believe,
Twas such a fearful shock.
At such a piece of impudence,
My brain was burning hot.
Off arm in arm they walked,
And when lost to my view,
I thought for a few moments,
What course I should pursue,
I thought I'd take a dram,
My misery to drown,
But the spirits would not keep me up
For I kept tumbling down.
I passed that night in a police cell,
Forget it if I never shall.
And I'll never love another soul,
Or any other gal.

Snow White Blossoms

BARKER.

SUNG BY MR. FRANK REED.

Come let us wander forth, Annie,
The sun is warm and bright;
Come let us leave our homes awhile,
With hearts and footsteps light.
Down by the little woodland grove,
Oh! let us onward go,
Where oft the cuckoo's voice is heard,
And sweet May flowers grow;
There we will tell our tales of love,
And pass the hours away,
Near the little snow-white blossoms,
So beautiful are they.

'Mid smiling nature's varied charms,
We'll roam and chat awhile,
Our heart's unsway'd by anxious care,
Our tongue untouched with guile.
Secluded from the world around,
From busy lane and street,
The bright blue sky above our heads,
The daisies at our feet,
There we will linger side by side,
Till evening fades away,
Near the little snow-white blossoms
So beautiful are they.

I Know a Bank

Music Published by Horn.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme
Browses—
Where oxlips and the nodding violet
Grows;
There sleeps the fairy queen, some time
of night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight.

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

Am I Right— or any other Man?

As Spoken by M.R. WEST at the London Music-Halls with great Success.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I appear once more before you, to address myself with respect to my political opinions. And when a man gets up to say, and knows, and understands what he is going to say before he says it, he is a man, or any other man!

The subject of this evening's discourse is the world. What is the world? Nothing but two hemispheres revolving on its own axes. Who discovered the world? Robinson Crusoe. Am I right, or any other man?

Now, there's Lord Palmerston; if he wasn't born in the reg'lar course of Nature, what's that to the Cure. Am I right, or any other man?

What did Julius Caesar say to Jerrabald at Sebastopol, and what's the Bishop of London to do with it? Am I right, or any other man?

If the Thames-tunnel was to come in to a direct course with the General Steam Navigation Company, what's that to do with Heemans' coming over here for the Champion's belt? Am I right, or any other man?

Return to the Subject:—

Didn't Spurgeon say in his pulpit that Louis Napoleon was 49th cousin to the Gorillas? What did President Lincoln say when he met the Duke of Wellington at the Battle of Bull's Run. Didn't he say that Spurgeon's Tabernacle would make a good Soup-Kitchen; Eh, am I right, or any other man?

What does it say in chap. 2, verse 22dly of the History of the Natives of the Uninhabited Island? Doesn't it say what belongs to the man belongs to the woman, what belongs to the woman belongs to herself, and as much more as she can lay her hand upon! Eh, am I right, or any other man?

A word or two on iron-clad ships. Who first discovered ships? Why Alfred the Great. And what did Alfred the Great say when he saw Lord Nelson at the Battle of Waterloo? Eh, am I right, or any other man?

Return to the subject:—

Now supposing a young man having nothing, marries a shamed having the same amount of property, and they put both their nothing together. Who does the things belong to? Eh, am I right, or any other man?

If a man can't marry his deceased wife's sister, can't he marry her if she wasn't diseased; and what's General Windham or the Chancellor of the Exchequer to do with it? Eh, am I right, or any other man?

If a man's wife should kiss another man, and he chose to kiss her again, what is it to Dr. Temple? Eh, am I right, or any other man?

If Lord Derby did go with Nancy in the Strand, what's Shakespeare to do with it? Eh, am I right, or any other man?

Return to the subject:—

If Holloway's Pills and Ointment cures the blues the gout and the—
What's that to Lord Byron! Eh, am I right, or any other man?

If Mary of Argyll had a child by Oliver Cromwell; and Young Windham married her, who does the child belong to? Mr. Chambers, or any other man?

The Sly Glance.

NEW VERSION BY G. SIDNEY.

One evening in my bed room so thoughtfully I sat,
How to manage for the best, in fact what to be at;
My Landlady then entered, and hinted as polite
That six weeks rent was due to her that very night;
In course of conversation, so delicate I said,
If ever an idea she entertained to wed;
Her apron string she twisted, supposed she ne'er should be,
Who would ever fancy her, with a sly glance at me.

I complimented, flatter'd her the rest was quite forgot,
Being short of money, struck the iron whilst 'twas hot;
A sovereign I borrowed, which she granted readily,
So with wardrobe in my carpet bag, bid adieu to No. 3.
But cruel Fate ordained, soon we should meet again.
One day beneath an arched way taking shelter from the rain,
Who should run so suddenly, by the side of me,
But my Landlady who took an ugly glance at me.

To her very chilling looks, the rain did far prefer,
When at a little distance observed a milliner,
A previous introduction, created fresh alarm,
When uplifted I beheld, a chubby pair of arms.
So pressing she enquired, where of late I had been,
As for a twelvemonth anywhere, me she had not seen;
The little mortal looked, and appeared to see
Her darling dear Hope, took a sly glance at me.

I appointed on that very night her again to meet,
As through the heavy falling rain, made a quick retreat;
But on that very evening, another Lady did spy,
I could not really withstand, her little killing eye;
To the Park, then being drunk, for a stroll we went
To my pressing invitation, she quickly did assent;
Whilst seated, to obtain a kiss, I was making free,
When a Bobby with his bull's eye, took a sly glance at me.

But now I have forgotten, all those naughty tricks,
To lead a steady life I mean, on a wife to fix,
Should there be one here present, a Lady passing fair,
I am ready now to marry, a fact I do declare.
My early life I have detailed, everything to you,
But my ways intend to alter(s); Cindy's name will alter too,
So Ladies if for better, for worse, you will have me,
Signify the same and cast, a sly glance at me.—

"Didn't She seem to like it?"

Ah—"Early in the Morning."

One night I went out for a spree,
Some adventures just to see,
I soon met a lady fair,
At her I winked—I do declare.
Didn't she seem to like it,
Didn't she seem to like it,
Didn't she seem to like it,
Upon my word she did.

I went to her, had a talk,
Invited her to take a walk,
Of course she said there was no harm,
So politely, offer'd her my arm,
Didn't she seem to like it.
She declared I was so kind,
Of course I said, Oh! never mind,
Into a house we entered in,
I called for stout but she drank—
Didn't she seem to like it.

For an oyster supper, I was bent,
To join me she was quite content,
Six dozen had, I think about,
But then the extra double stout,
Didn't she seem to like it.
At last she saw a fine young man,
To converse with him began,
She left me saying with a grin,
I had him, for oysters, stout, &c.,
Oh! didn't they seem to like it.

Whilst standing by myself alone,
Found my watch and chain had gone,
I caught her, how she did entreat,
But she was taken to Bow street,
And she didn't seem to like it.
Next morning I was early there,
To prosecute this lady fair,
Of course her fate, she did bewail,
For six months she was sent to gaol,
And she didn't seem to like it.

So warning young men take I pray,
From fair ones leading you astray;
For you will find that every one,
Will go the entire hog or none.

And don't they seem to like it,
And don't they seem to like it,
And don't they seem to like it,
There's no mistake in that.

NEW COLLECTION OF SONGS

OLD TOWLER.

Bright Chatelcor proclaims the dawn,
And spangles deck the thorn.
The loring herds now quit the lawn,
The lark springs from the corn.
Dogs, huntsmen, round the winding throng,
Fleet Towler leads the cry,
Arise the burden of my song.
This day a stag must die,
With a hey, ho, &c.

Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy,
Hark, hark, tantivy,
This day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail,
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
The dogs stirr'd up the gale.
The upland wilds they sweep along,
O'er fields, through brakes they fly,
A game is rous'd too true the song,
This day a stag must die.

With a hey, ho, &c.
pr stag, the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face,
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
His joys were in the chase;
Like the gen'rous sportman burns,
To win the blooming fair,
But yet he honours each by turns,
They each become his care.

With a hey, ho, &c.

ALL NATURE SALUTES THE NEW DAY.

Arise, jolly sportsmen, the sunbeams of morn
Illuminate the mountains, and crimson the thorn
The lark spreads his wings, & to heaven's porch
flies,
As the dew drops of night on the forest leaf did.
The linnet's sweet carol resounds from the spray.
And nature, all nature, salutes the new day.

Arise, jolly sportsmen, the dogs are awake,
And the birds in full chorus, from brier to brake
The ploughman is whistling, the mill clapper goes,
And the blush of Aurora, more fresh than th' rose
From the light rays of morning the owl flaps away
And nature, all nature, salutes the new day.

Up, up, my brave fellows! the fox has broke
ground,
And the hare from her form looking fearfully
round;
The hawk-butcher's mounted the regions of air,
while the victim-bird trembles with fear & despair.

Every hill, bold, & valley looks cheerful & gay,
And nature, all nature, salutes the new day.

MY VILLAGE HOME.

My village home, my village home,
How dear thou art to me,
Tho' many years have passed away,
Since last I quitted thee.
The hills and dales are green as then,
The lark sings just as gay,
But those I loved are changed and gone,
For ever passed away.

My village home, &c.
The village church, the village church,
I see it 'mid the trees.
Again I hear those merry bells,
Upon the passing breeze,
The valley green, the silver brook,
Are all beloved by me,
But those I prized above them all,
I never more shall see.

My village home, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STAR.

Sung by W. S. WAMBOLD.
Beautiful star, in heaven so bright,
Softly falls thy silv'ry light,
As thou movest from earth afar,
Star of the evening, beautiful star.

Star of the evening, &c.

In fancy's eye they seem to say,
Follow me; come, from earth away!
Upward thy spirit's pinions fly,
To realms of love beyond the sky.

To realms of love, &c.

Shine, oh, star of love divine!
May our souls' affection twine
Around thee, as thou movest afar
Star of the twilight, beautiful star!

Star of the twilight, &c.

Love, Thou Madding Power.

Love, thou madd'ning pow'r
I feel thy dart,
Sighs, every anxious hour,
Speak my tortured heart.
Ah! vain, ah! hopeless grief,
I woo thy stay
Be thou my sad relief,
Wearing my life away.

NEW COLLECTION OF SONGS

SONGS ETIQUETTE AND WISE

OH WOULD SHE BUT NAME THE DAY,

From BALFE'S New Opera, "SATANELLA,
FIGHTS ON THE BOWER OF LOVE."

Sung by Mr. A. ST. ALBYN.

Oh would she but name the day,
On which I shall call her mine;
Or would I could her say,
Sweetheart, I am thy thine.
But she, when last we have led
Me to consent to pray,
Cries, with a toss of her head,
Never shall be the day.
Oh would I could her say,
Him for husband will I take;
Love him, honour, and obey,
Tho' certain the last to break.
And could I but one kiss gain,
I'd never need her saying nay;
One, Victor 'tis her kiss,
I'll soon make her name the day.

An Angel Form in dreams Beheld

From BALFE's new Opera, "THE POWER of LOVE."

Sung by Mr. W. HARRISON.

An angel form in dreams beheld
Still charms thy fancy's wakeful eyes,
And morning's light has not dispel'd
The radiance of its lovely guise,
Still hovering near on buoyant wings,
It bends of me its beauteous gaze upon
And in mine ear its sweet voice rings
This wildest of all to whom lay,
"Beloved by thee, myself to know,
I'd welcome give eternal woe."

Her beaming eyes were like in hue
The sunbeams deep of ambient air,
Her smile might hope and love renew
Within the blushing breast of despair,
And hovering o'er on buoyant wings,
She bent on me a wistful gaze,
Still in mine ear her sweet voice rings
The wildest of all to whom lay,
"Beloved by thee, myself to know,
I'd welcome give eternal woe."

Our Hearts are not our Own

From BALFE'S New Opera, "SATANELLA,
or the POWER OF LOVE."

Sung by Miss REBECCA ISAAC.

Our hearts are not our own to give,

They yield without a sign, *LET YE KESTER*

Nor in our keeping seem to live,

When once Love says otherwise, *DEUCE*

In vain would reason's rebel voice *SHAYOKEL*

The tyrant overthrow,

Did fate accord the power of choice,

To yield with our fond hearts good-natured love,

I knew not that I'd lost my heart *ROCK HUNTER*

Till it, securely won, *LET SHAYOKEL*

Love begg'd so pitieous a part, *LOVE IN DESPAIR*

I sought, and found *ME none*, *SHAYOKEL*

But o'er the theft I now rejoice,

Such bliss from thefice did flow:

Did Heaven accord the power of choice,

To yield with my fond heart go,

Such bliss from thefice did flow:

THERE WAS A TIME.

Sung by Mr. D. CORRIE. Words by Mr. Carpenter.

Music by Mr. Knight.

Published by Davidson, Peter's Hill, St. Paul's.

There was a time, there was a time, *LET SHAYOKEL*

When I was young and free, *ROCK HUNTER*

And every day the village chime, *LET SHAYOKEL*

Brought happier hours to me,

The memory of some old song, *ROCK HUNTER*

Some scene, or flower, or tree, *ROCK HUNTER*

Of old brings to mind the merry song, *ROCK HUNTER*

That sported there with me.

There was a time, *LET SHAYOKEL*

When I was young and free, *ROCK HUNTER*

There was a time, *LET SHAYOKEL*

That told us we must part, *ROCK HUNTER*

And the once loud village chime, *ROCK HUNTER*

Went sadly on my heart, *ROCK HUNTER*

As I bade farewell to the old gray tow'r, *ROCK HUNTER*

And over the village green, *ROCK HUNTER*

No more at evenings peaceful hour,

My merry friends were seen.

There was a time, *LET SHAYOKEL*

When I was young and free, *ROCK HUNTER*

But once again—oh, once again, *LET SHAYOKEL*

More joyous days appear; *ROCK HUNTER*

Again the bells sound o'er the plain,

And good old friends are near;

Again I hear the merry song,

Beneath the old oak tree,

And see around the happy throng,

That sported there with me.

Oh, once again—oh, once again,

Those joyous days appear;

Again the bells sound o'er the plain,

And good old friends are near,

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Sally Sly

WRITTEN BY FRANK HALL.

MUSIC AT FOSTER & CO.,
6, HANOVER ST., REGENT ST., W.

Oh, long I have sung of the sweet Nancy,
Who lived in the Strand as you know,
But she's given up her lodgings in the
second floor,
And has bolted with a feiler call'd Joe.
But I've got another gal, and her name
it is Sal,
The sweetest as ever was seen,
Her eyes are so bright and she sheds her
sweet light
Up a court down in Bethnal Green.
O Sally Sly! O criminey!

You've given my buzzum a twister,
For if ever I lov'd a girl in my life,
'Tis Sally Sly. Bobby Sly's sister.

I think her eyes are brighter than Nancy's,
One's green and the t'other is black,
And she wears a belt with a little gold
buckle,
To show off the fall in her back.
Her voice is so sweet as she cries cats-
meat,
And it's truth as I'm a sinner,
Her eyes are her windows thro', which
you see
What Sally has had for dinner.
Oh, Sally Sly, oh criminey!
You've given my buzzum a twister,
For if ever I lov'd a girl in my life,
'Tis Sally Sly, Bobby Sly's sister.

She's been very ill with a cold in her
nose,
And the rheumatism in her heels,
And the bile and lumbago in two of her
toes,
Which put the poor girl off her meals.
She's cured at last by Morrison's Pills,
And a tremendous big blister,
So you have the blister and you have the
pills,
And I'll have Bobby Sly's sister.
Oh, Sally Sly, oh criminey!
You've given my buzzum a twister,
For if ever I lov'd a girl in my life,
'Tis Sally Sly, Bobby Sly's sister.

Apartments To Let,

WRITTEN BY G. SIDNEY.

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Air—Lord Lovell.

Apartments to let in a window was soon
In a house near Piccadilly.
Where Mr. Hicks, and Mr. Bill Green,
Call'd the apartments to see, see, see,
Called the apartments to see.

Air—"The Cure."

Some men play such rogues tricks,
Nor in honesty believe,
Such were Messrs. Hicks, and Green,
Both Tickets had of leave;
Mr. Hicks in fashion dress'd
Knocked loud at the door,

To see the Lodging he express'd
A wish and nothing more.

Air—"Low Back'd Car."

Mrs. Crumpey, was a widow
Stout, and fifty-six,
The knock she quickly answer'd.
Admitted Mr. Hicks;
The room he quick inspected,
Was pleased with what he'd seen,
The articles detected
As he winked at Mr. Green.
Who was opposite, without,
Looking all about,
A knock at the door,
Mr. Green to be sure,
The apartments called to see.

Air—"One Horse Shay."

Mr. Hicks alone was left,
So he cleared from right and left
All the little articles he could see,
As he admitted Mr. Green,
Whom from the notice he had seen,
Called the apartments just to see.

Air—"Early in the Morning."

Mr. Hicks with pockets full of store,
Met Mrs. C. just at the door;
As Mr. Green she did admit,
Mr. Hicks made his exit.
He would see her in the morning,
He would see her in the morning,
He would see her in the morning,
Or perhaps he would write.

Air—"Young Man from the Country."

Mr. Green was in a hurry, and again
would call,
If he was engaged, it matter'd not at all
Mr. Hicks was out of sight, said Green
"Oh, Mrs. C.,
I'll call again to-morrow, your apart-
ments just to see.

Air—"Sheepskin and Beeswax."

Mrs. C did quickly see, the room you
needn't doubt it;
And observed some articles missing
from about it;
Some table cloths and plate, gone from
her observation;
So amongst her neighbours all, she made
a great sensation.

Here, there, and everywhere, policemen
from each station;
For Mr. Hicks was looking out, who
caused the great sensation.

Air—"The Whole Hog or None."

Now Mr. Hicks they could not see,
Nor in the least could trace;
A gent he was, said Mrs. C.,
I thought so by his face.
So proprietors of rooms to let,
And you wish them to be seen;
Mind done known you do not get,
Like Mrs. C., by Hicks and Green.

Air—"Old English Gentleman,"

It is a real fact, which you may believe,
A national disgrace are the ticket men of
leave!
When but half their punishment
They have only done,

They are allowed by government,
To go the whole hog or none.

Oh! Fie, Miss Smart.

Written and Sung by E. W. Mackney,
Music at Foster & Co. 16 Hanover St.

Air—"Good-BYE SWEETHEART"

The gas lights fade, good folks are sleep-
ing,
The watch-dog growls at cat and thief,
And I can see your black eyes weeping
To drown your grief—to drown your
grief.
My heart once 'guess'd 'twas false a
larm—

But now I know you've sigh'd a sigh
In a dark rival's "long pine" arms,
Oh, fie, Miss Smart, oh fie,
Your dad is up—the owl is blinking,
Off goes the train with third class fare,
The sun of a fine day is thinking,
Yet you are there, yet you are there,
Well though your love has often stray'd,
I thought it back again would hie,
And I'll forgive you thought I said,
O, fie Miss Smart, oh fie.

Hazel Dell.

In the Hazel Dell my Nelly's sleeping,
Nelly loved so long:
And my lonely, lonely watch I'm keep-
ing,
Nelly lost and gone.
Here in moonlight often we have wan-
der'd
Thro' the silent shade;
Now where leafy branches drooping
downward,
Little Nelly's laid.

Chorus.

All alone my watch I'm keeping,
In the Hazel Dell,
For my darling Nelly's nearme sleep-
ing,
Nelly, dear, farewell.

In the Hazel Dell my Nelly's sleeping
Where the flowers wave;
And the silent stars are nightly weeping
O'er poor Nelly's grave.
Hopes that once my bosom fondly cher-
ished,
Smile no more for me.

Ev'ry dream of joy, alas has perished,
Nelly, dear, with thee.

All alone, &c

Now I'm weary, friendless, and forsa-
ken,
Watching here alone;
Nelly thou no more wilt fondly cheer me
With thy loving tone.
Yet for ever shall thy gentle image,

In my mem'ry dwell;
And my tears thy lonely grave shall
moisten,
Nelly, dear, farewell.

All alone, &c.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

1851, and 1862.

Music. Music Publishing Company,
19, Carter's Hill, St. Paul's.

In eighteen hundred and fifty-one,
To London town I came,
To see the Crystal Palace,
Of which I'd heard the fame.
By the Cockney lads how I was hit,
I need not tell to you;
But, tho' they had me in fifty-one,
They won't in sixty-two!

One day, whilst walking up the street,
A man pick'd up a ring,
He wip'd it clean upon his sleeve,
Then it may did bring;
You may purchase it for a crown,' said
he;
Said I, 'That dodge won't do;
You had me to rights in fifty-one,
But you won't in sixty-two!

A man came, singly, up to me,
A razer fine to sell;
About its wondrous qualities,
Such tales to me did tell.
Said he, 'My boy, 'twill cut a hair';
Said I, 'That may be true,
But, though you shaved me close in
fifty-one,
You don't in sixty-two!'

In a crowd of folks I found myself,
Last monday afternoon;
I'd left my purse and ticket at home,
When I felt a man, quite soon,
Insert his fingers in my pouch;
Says I, 'I'm one with you,
I'll lost my watch in fifty-one,
I'll watch it in sixty-two.'

At an hotel, where I stopp'd a week,
But left the other day,
Though a pretty bill, 'twas rayther
strong,
Which I refused to pay.
The landlord said, 'You paid before,'
Said I, 'My friend that's true,
But that, you know, was fifty-one,
But now it's sixty-two.'

One item in the landlord's bill
Was of candies just a score,
Which I, of course, refused to pay.
Though I paid when there before;
But then, I only burned them half,
Which the hotel keeper knew,
So the halves I left in fifty-one,
Made it quits in sixty-two.

In a carriage, on the railway,
A gent accosted me,
Then from his pocket pulled three cards
'And placed them on his knee.
This court-card,' said he, 'I'll bet a
pound,
You can't pick from 't other two,
Said I, 'I tried in fifty-one,
But I don't in sixty-two.'

I saw some sheffield plated goods,
At an auction being sold;
There were half a dozen knowing blades
Bidding up quite bold;
One said to me, 'Will you spring
a pound?'
Said I, 'N'd that won't do;
I perhaps waiggen in fifty-one,
But I'm brown in sixty-two.'

A man with funnel jacket on,
And elbow's rather wide;

A ticket wanted me to buy
Of a watch he had in pawn.
Says he, 'It's in for two pounds ten,
But if a week five pounds to you;
Said I, 'Once bit in fifty-one,
Twice shy in sixty-two.'

I passed a public-house to day,
A swell stood there outside,
He call'd me in the skittle-ground,
A wager to decide.
'Is that pin up or down?' said he,
Said I, "'Tween me and you,
If I wasn't quite up in fifty-one,
I'm down in sixty-two.'

So now, my friends, a warning take,
As you walk up and down,
For sharper about, make no mistake,
In this fam'd London town;
Their eyes are open night and day;
One hint, and then adieu,
If you went to sleep in fifty-one,
Keep awake in sixty-two.

THE SNEEZE. Or Dundreary's brother Sam.

Arranged by Herbert SANTLEY.
Music at L'ENFANT & HODGKINS,
18, Bathbone Place, W.

It's weally very odd, that folks
Won't let a fellah sneeze,
I've been trying all the day and
Yet I cannot do it with ease,
But stop—er—(trying to sneeze) no,
I think—er—(trying to sneeze) no,
I never shall I doubt,
Spoken.—"I wish I could do it or let
it alone."—

It's one of those
Things I suppose
That no fellah can find out.

I was going to sneeze just now, I thought
When a fly perch'd on my nose;
And if that fly had not perch'd there,
I think I should have sneezed,
Sneeze! that's not right,
At least not quite,
I've a wrong word used no doubt,
Spoken.—Let's see—how is that?
sneeze sneezing snooze—no that's not
right—sneeze snoozing snooze, no—I've
mixed it up somehow, ah well—

It's one of those
Things, I suppose
That no fellah can make out.

I've come down here to twy and stop
The mawage of my bwother,
As I'm his only relative
Except my gwoome godmother,
Mo' that's not wight,
At least not quite,
There's something wong popp'd out.

Spoken.—What is it? I know, my ser-
vant's father was my godmother's gwoom,
yes then what wolation is my servant to
me. If my servant's godmother was my
father's gwoom am my gwoome fathers
horses godmother—no that's not wight
ah well—

It's one of these

Thing, I suppose
That no fellah can find out.

Dundweary is a lunatic,
He's got into a habit
Of wanting to get married,
He's mad as a welch wabbit.

If he gets wed,
The lawyer said,
He will childwmen have no doubt.

Spoken.—And if he has children I
shall lose the pwoerty, because his first
son will be his WABBIT—wabbit/mother
not the word—his HARE—no he can't be
his HARE because he wears a wig and
that's a bwoan one died black and it's
been died so often it must be quite dead
by this time—his his—ah well

It's one of those
Things, I suppose
That no fellah can find out.

I wonder whose apartment
This is? mine it's not,
And I don't think it's my sisters
Cause a sister I've not got,
No, let me see
Whose can it be,
It's somebody's no doubt—

Spoken.—If I had a sister I wonder
whether this would be her apartment:
lets see if I take apartments in a house
the whole house is mine—no, I mean:::
I take a house none of the apartments
are mine no—I mixed it up somehow—
ah well

It's one of those
Things, I suppose
That no fellah can find out.

Dundweary's waiting for me, I'm
My bwother's bwother Sam.
Stop—I think I'm going to sneeze,
Yes, as sure as fate I am,
Er—(trying to sneeze) no yet,
Why can't you let
It alone or do it pway,
What can if be,
So pwevent me(sneezes after an effort),
I've sneezed at last, hooway.

Stars of the Summer Night,

WORDS BY LONGFELLOW.

Stars of the summer night,
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light;
She sleeps! my lady sleeps;

Moon of the summer night,
Far down yon azure steeps,
Sink, sink, in silver light;
She sleeps! my lady sleeps;

Dreams of the summer night,
Tell her her lover keeps watch,
While, in slumbers light,
She sleeps! my lady sleeps;

NEW COLLECTION OF SONGS,

MACBETH BE-WITCHED.

A COMIC SCENA.

FROM THE "MUSICAL BOUQUET," No. 927-8

A drum, a drum,

macbeth doth come.

SPOKEN. — The ensuing Scotch History is enveloped in fog and MISTERY, and to plunge at once into the fog, and the midst of the mist, be kind enough to imagine that my march is tuning up in the distance. (MACBETH'S MARCHING.) Don't you hear it? We're just arriving at an audible pitch. Now we're descending the hills. Now we're crossing the bridge. Now I'm coming on. I am the Thane of Cawdor, and this is the BLASTED heath.

AIR,

Three weird hags, three weird hags,
All clad in rags, broomsticks for nags,
They stopp'd Macbeth upon the-heath,
They told the Thane of Cawdor's death,
And hail'd him King in the self-same breath.

SPOKEN. — "Hail! hail! hail!"

Those are hailstones pouring,
"King thou shalt reign!" That's rain in torrents roaring.
Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
When stolen from a hen roost,
And whirr'd through the air;
Vanish like lightning,
And fill them with wonder.
There flits the lightning—
And there growls the thunder.

CROWD. — Now, Lady Macbeth was a good more dire
Than e'er sat on a toad-stool, or fed on hell-fire;
And she vowed to her lord that if he would
mount higher,

He must do a deed of note most dire.

SPOKEN. — He SCREW'D his courage up by getting right

bit.
And when half-screw'd, resolved to make a night

RECITATIVE (TREMolo). — "Go! tell thy mistress, when my toddy's hot,
She agitates the communicator on the spot." (BELL RINGS.)

Is this a dagger (STARTS), that's before me
pointing?

Making me tremble every limb and joint in;
'Tis there, I see it. Come blade, let me clutch
thee, (GRASPS.)

It strikes me forcibly I didn't touch thee,
I dinna ken, but I'm the waur for drinkin',
For I'm muckle sure it's gane. Mine eyes, like

winking,

Deceive my sense. Loot, loot, I ken thee still,
And draps o' bluid that mak' the feelings chill.

AIR. — "The Maniac."

I see it dancing on the wall, (music stops)
And gouts of blood by no means small;

Oh, hear it not, oh, hear it not,
Lady Mac, oh Lady Mac, you've mak'd me mad

(BELL RINGS.)

Hear it not, Duncan, for that beldy's intention
Gummos thee to the place we never mention.

(KNOCKING AT INTERVALLS CONTINUED.)

Whence is that knocking? it sounds me quite,
I've reddish hand, my heart is timid white.

He has turn'd up his toes, a sight most shocking,
That turn-up bed—Will, will you stop that?

Stop that knocking? (KNOCKING CEASES.)

AIR.

Stop that knocking, oh, stop that knocking!

Oh, they'll never stop that knocking at the door,

Stop that knocking, we,

(SPOKEN.) — For this sake of brevity we will now assume that Duncan is settled for life; that

is to say, the man of life is done, and having dona all he can, at this period of his history, we have every right to consider him a DUNCAN.

Not so Macbeth, for having turned the KINE, and won all the HONOURS to himself, he puts down poor Banquo by an odd trick learnt to play upon FIRE, and ultimately sends to the dicens by a very SOUL SWEEP, the whole

BLOOD of his CHICKENS.

AIR.

Let's dance, let's dance upon the heath,

We've won rare fun by Duncan's death,

So sung with glee the witches three;

"Midst direst spells and sorcery,

"Old Banquo dead, to Macbeth's spread

"Shall straight be led, with his gory head,

"And while they greet, in 'hot and sweet,'

"We'll swallow our baggots of whisky meat,

The feast is rare, the king is there,

And arms of Scottish lasses,

When Macbeth cries, "Gentle all, I rise,"

Be pleased to fill your glasses,

also full on and.

SPOKEN.

I thank you for your company, and still am in
your debt.

But it's very odd that BANquo hasn't come to
our disquer;

I'm sure I need but speak his name to win your
cheer,

Here's to our old friend Banquo, then, and
would that he were here.

(Without.) Hear! hear!

RECITATIVE (TREMolo). — Avant! and quit my sight, begone. He's ait-

He plays a tune upon his BONES. Oh! spectre,

stop that AIR:

He shakes at his gory locks, he's MOCKING

with us,

I'd cry avant! but joke I CAUNTY, unreal MOCK-

Who's been and gone and done this deed? Don't

wink at me, false Thane;

Spectre, go home, (MUSIC STOPS). Why is he

being gone, I've gain'd my pluck again,

SPOKEN. — Such was the observation of Mac-

beth on the departure of Banquo's spirit, when
having facetiously observed that he was

NEW COLLECTION OF SONGS,

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SONGS WITH MUSIC.

lighted to give up the ghost, he resolved to try his luck at Acheron, by taking good luck with the witches.

Then did he learn Macbeth should not be slain, Till Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane; That no man, woman nor child should take his life, And also, to beware of dirm and fife. (MUSIC.)

SPOKEN. — That's the life and dram which elicited the warning.

AIR. — "The Blue Bonnets,"

March, march, Siward and Thane of Fife,
Ten thousand Britons are over the sea;
March, march, soon will we take his life.
Cut down the fir-trees and bear them in order.
Seyton left out the trees, and quarely shake'd
BROKEN.

"See Birnam wood to our castle has wended,
Laird and slave, d'ye see? If thou spea' st truly,
You shall be hang'd, sir, or I'll be suspended,
BURN 'EM.
Curse Birnam wood! oh! would that I could,
These moving sights move me to returning,
Hang out the banners quick — Blow wind, come
WICK.

(Enter Macduff, and cries) "Turn, hell-bound, back,
No woman-born am I, no parents know'd,
Was hatched by steam, and Topy-like I grew'd.
Tyrant the Flame of Fire is here to smite thee,
Therefore — it's all the same to you, thine,

Not fight thee, coward! Like the Russian bear,
To be bull-baited; no I won't, I swear:
Tho' Birnam wood hath reach'd Macbeth's abode
And then appos'd wher'ever parents know'd,
Yet will I try the last." Lay on, Macduff,

Thrusteth him who first cries **QUANTUM MORSU**,
HERE THE COMBAT TAKES PLACE. Duncan Gray."

Duncan's where did Macduff know,
Shrouded in mystery,
When Macbeth was fell'd in fight,
False morose, was he,
Ad in vain this Dunge-lane,
Read the scroll dispel'd his reign,
So having kill'd our kilted thane,
Thus endish'd history.

BONNIE BESSIE GRAY.

By C. W. Glover. Music by C. Jeffrey.

Soho Square, London.

Yeften I met a winsome lass,
A bonnie lass was she,
As ever climb'd the mountain side,
Or tripp'd about the lea:
She were like gold new jewels bright,
Nor sin nor stain there,
But just the plentie that a Queen
Might well be peacock to wear,
I could na help a glance or twa,
And as she turn'd away,
I saw the bright blush on the cheek
Of bonnie Bessie Gray.

Bonnie Bessie, bonnie Bessie, bonnie Bessie,
GIBY. 1009 1 NOV 1901
And I saw this a happy land,
I whispered to myself, W Y Y Y Y Y
When the sun-like lasses threw their smiles upon me,
I saw the blue hill and dell, Y MOUNTAIN & THE
Who will may go to far-off shores
Whose waters run with gold,
I should ne be sae happy there,
Tho' all be true, I'm told,
They're not the bonny bonnie eyrie, out of
To light them on their way —
Give them their gude — give me the guid
Of bonnie Bessie Gray.

Bonnie Bessie, bonnie Bessie, bonnie Bessie
Gray.

The roses on her dimpled cheek,
Bleas'd with the morn there,
The sparkling gems of white and blue,
Shine saeath her auburn hair,
Twins o' pearl are oft-times seen,
When smiles light up her brow,
And mimic rings in every word
That leave her downy mouth,
Full nee forsake my highland bille.

For all the world can say,
My youth shall never leave the heart
Of bonnie Bessie Gray.

THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

See these ribbons gayly streaming,
I'm a soldier now, Lizzette;
Yes, of battle, I am dreaming; Did I valiente?
And the honour I shall get,
With a babe by my side,
And a helmet on my brow,
And a proud steed to ride,
This life that well will suit
The gay life of a young recruit.

We shall march away to morrow,
At the breaking of the day;
And the trumpets will be sounding,
And the merry symbols play;
Yet before I say goodbye,
And a last and parting take,
A proof of your love, see you well,
Weak this gift for my sake.

Then cheer, up, own Lizzette,
Then not grieve your beauty stain,
Soon you'll see the recruit again.

Shame, Lizzette, to still be weeping,
While there's none in store for me;
Think when home I am returning,
What a joyful day 'twill be,
When to church you're fondling, and have e'er
Like some lady, smartly dressed,
Who you shall wed,
With simbol on his breast,
Hav' there's not a maiden maid,
But with welcome will salute,
The gay bride of a young recruit.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

How's your Poor Feet.

WRITTEN BY G. W. HUNT.
Music at L'ENFANT & HODGKINS.
61 RATHBONE PLACE.

We have rare funny sayings come up every day,
Ridiculous absurdities most every way,
The latest one out that we daily meet
Is the peculiar question of "How's your poor feet?"
In the house, or the street, whenever you meet,
The first question that's put to you's "How's your poor feet."

Now if one took the question not in it's right light,
They'd answer well thank you my feet
are all right,
But a Novice the question don't know how to treat,
When he's asked by a hundred friends,
"How's your poor feet?"
Should you be in the street, a friend chance to meet,
The first thing he asks you is "How's your poor feet."

I was taking a walk but a few days ago,
When I happen'd to meet with a lady i know,
From her looks I expected something sweet,
When to my surprise she says "How's your poorfeet."
But when in the street—it's really no treat,
To be asked by so many—"Hows your poorfeet."

To'otherday I laid down being not very well,
When I soon was awake by a ring at the bell,
I went down to the door, when a girl in the street
Said "Mother's compliments" "How's your poorfeet."
By jove it's no treat—but whoever you meet,
They're sure to be asking you "How's your poorfeet."

Now a Lady acquaintance Mrs. Julia Skaggs,
Having met with an accident has Two Wooden Legs.
One day she was hobbling along in the street,
When some boys "hollerd" out at her "How's your poorfeet."
As she walked in the street—to her what a treat,
To be asked (having Wooden Legs)
"How's your poorfeet."

Now if ones feet were bad, and they could not get about,
Or were troubled with Rheumatism or else the gout,
Why—then I'd consider the question discreet,
To ask the said person "well" "How's your poorfeet."
But now what a treat—if a person you meet,
Though your feet are quite well, they say "How's your poorfeet".

Well I really think now I have said quite enough,

For to night upon such an absurd bit of
stuff
To stand and sing here all night—would
not be a treat,
If I did you might well say then "How's
your poor feet."
On this subject I'll treat—when next
time we meet,
So I'll wind up by asking you, "How's
your poor feet."

Rose of Hazeldeen.

Composed by J. W. CHERRY.
Music at Coles & Co., New Burlington Street, W.

Along the lonely mountain side,
At morn I chanced to stray,
When summer shone in blooming pride,
And all the world looked gay.
I met a maid with tartan plaid,
As fair as e'er was seen;
I asked her name, she blushing said—
"I'm Rose of Hazeldeen."
Sweet Rose of Hazeldeen,
Dear thou'lt ever be to me,
Sweet Rose of Hazeldeen.

Her breath like flowering thorns, was sweet,
A starlight was her eye;
With every grace and charm replete,
She like the fawn swept by.
The birds sing sweeter to mine ear,
The flowers are fairer seen;
All Nature smiles when she is near—
Sweet Rose of Hazeldeen.
Sweet Rose of Hazeldeen &c.

A Little more Cider too.

I love the white gal and the black,
And I love all the rest;
I love the girls for loving me,
But I love myself the best.
Oh dear, I am so thirsty,
I've just been down to supper,
I drank three palls of apple-jack.
And a tub of apple butter.

Chorus.

Oh a little more cider, too,
A little more cider, too,
A little more cider for Miss Dinah,
A little more cider, too.

When first I saw Miss Snowflake,
'Twas on Broadway I spied her,
I'd give my hat and boots, I would,
If I could be beside her.
She looked at me, I looked at her,
And then I crossed the street;
And then she said to me—
A little more cider sweet.

Oh, a little more cider, too.

Oh, I wish I was an apple,
And Snowflake was another,
Oh, what a pretty pair we'd make.
Upon a tree together.
How bid the darkies all would feel,
When on the tree they spied her,
To think how we would be,
When we're made into cider.

Oh, a little more cider, too.

Billy Pattison.

Oh, white folks listen unto me,
Oh, Billy Pattison,
The subject of my story, I'll tell unto thee,
Don't tell me, don't tell me,
The name of my song I'll tell unto thee,
Oh, Billy Pattison,
The name of my song I'll tell unto thee,
Don't tell me, don't tell me.

Chorus.

Billy Pattison, good-bye,
I think your horse will die,
If he don't I'll ride again,
If he does I'll tan his skin,
I'll lay ten dollars down,
I'll leave it in my will,
Show me the man in this yer town,
That struck my brother Bill.

I had a brother his name was Dick,
Oh, Billy Pattison,
Somebody hit him on the head, with a brick,
Don't tell me, don't tell me,
Oh, what did he say when he came too,
Oh, Billy Pattison
I say darkies this won't do.

Don't tell me, don't tell me,
Billy Pattison, &c.
If ever you go to Fiddler's Green,
Oh, Billy Pattison,
A lame old nigger is there to be seen,
Don't tell me, don't tell me,
In his right hand he holds a will,
Oh, Billy Pattison,
And this is the man that struck old Bill
Billy Pattison, &c.

Nil Desperandum,

J. BLOCKLEY.

In the morning of life, with bosom slate,
The youth leaves the fond home of his heart,
To seek o'er the treacherous ocean his fate,
And in life's busy scene take a part;
For whatever his lot, 'mid trouble and care,

He sings "Nil Desperandum," I'll never despair.

O'er ocean's expanse, tho' dark clouds arise,
And storms in loud gusts sweep the waves,
The tempest toss'd vessel right onward she flies,
Yet the storm most terrible she braves
For whatever his lot, 'mid trouble and care,
He sings "Nil Desperandum," I'll never despair.

At length when the perilous voyage is o'er,
And the vessel at anchor safe lies,
How quickly he springs on his dear native shore,
And how swiftly then homeward he flies
Then throwing off all 'is trouble and care,
He sings "Nil Desperandum," I'll never despair.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

I really couldn't help it.

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WRITTEN BY GEO. SYDNEY.

A charming girl the other day,
In the street accosted me,
Enquired if the exhibition
I should like to see,
In the fashion she was dress'd,
With such a Crinoline.
I invited her immediately
To take a glass of wine.

I really couldn't help it
Couldn't help it,
Couldn't help it,
I really couldn't help it
Nor any other man.

She was so agreeable,
My affections soon did win,
So lovingly entreated me
To stand a pint of pink;
My love then quickly vanished,
As she called of Hedges best
A pint she drank so readily,
With the greatest zest.

She really couldn't help it,
Couldn't help it,
Couldn't help it,
She really couldn't help it,
She was such a lousy gal.

Of the Exhibition all ideas
Vanished quite away,
She said we might postpone it
To another day,
To dinner she supposed
Together we should go,
A denial I intended,
I couldn't really say—No!

I really couldn't help it,
Couldn't help it,
Couldn't help it,
I really couldn't help it
She was such a cunning gal.

So lovinly her arms
Around me then she press'd,
A kiss she took, likewise
My watch from out my vest,
A policeman in plain clothes,
The movement did perceive,
Declared she was a thief,
I scarcely could believe,

I really couldn't help it,
Couldn't help it,
Couldn't help it,
I really couldn't help it
She was such a MODIST gal.

The Bobby she called crusher,
Ares sneak and trait,
He took her to the station house,
I declined to prosecute,
The magistrate desired me,
To give a reduced sum,
For doing so, I said,

Simply sit, because—

I really couldn't help it,
Couldn't help it,
Couldn't help it,
I really couldn't help it
She was such a wicked gal.

She was known so well,
SPOTTED was the phrase,
The magistrate commented
On her wicked ways,

Three months he only gave her,
But if she came again,
For trial he should send her,
Te plead would be in vain,

He really couldn't help it
Couldn't help it,
Couldn't help it,
She really couldn't help it,
She was such a wicked gal.

Her exceeding Lady Looks
The day before express'd
Disappear'd she did not seem
In the least distress'd;
When the magistrate had finished,
So impudent she said,
All right, old black 3 months
Upon my blessed head

Like a brick can do it,
I can do it,
I can do it,
Like a brick can do it.
Or any other gal.

**Where are you going
on Sunday.**

I am going to tell a story,
And I wish you all good health,
Now what I am going to tell you,
Tis all about myself:
My shopmates would be chaffing,
And as I went along,
Where are you going on Sunday?
They all would holler, Tom.

Chorus.

I'm going somewhere,
Some funny sights to see,
Where are you going on Sunday?
They shouted after me.

Upon last Sunday morning,
I dress'd myself so fine,
With my new pork-pie hat,
And a feather stuck behind;
Off to the park I toddled,
I kept going on a rum way,
Lest how the people holler,
Where are you going on Sunday?

I'm going somewhere, &c.

As the boys did laugh,
But onward straight I goes,
As they did chaff,
Came a cowdab on my nose;
Into my mouth it ran,
And down my throat some way,
Simpler I was done,
When going out on Sunday

I'm going somewhere, &c.

I met a girl so fine,
She was a charming creature,
She had a crinoline,
It would cover half an acre;
Nobolvly was the weather,
I thought it was a rum day,
Then arm-in-arm together,
We went along on Sunday.

I'm going somewhere, &c.

We got into the Strand,
The boys got flocking round,

They hit my pork-pie hat,
And bang sat in the crown.
Me and my fair lass,
Fall down together in some way,
We nicely were stuck fast,
When going out on Sunday.

I'm going somewhere, &c.
They black'd my face with soot,
Smash'd Mary's crinoline,
Before I could get up,
They my trousers split behind,
The boys pulled out my shirt,
Kept going on a rum way,
I was smother'd in dirt,
When going out on Sunday.

I'm going somewhere, &c.
Poor Mary eat her stick,
And bolted like a shot,
She had lost her crinoline,
And broke her you know what;
Poor I was left alone,
And has very rum way,
They may say when I get home,
Where are you going on Sunday.

I'm going somewhere, &c.
Up came a "bobby" then,
It did me sory affright,
To the station-house me took,
And sloughed me up all night;
Charged me with being drunk,
Before the "beak" on Monday,
Five bob they made me pay
For going out on Sunday.

I'm going somewhere, &c.
No money I had got,
So they gave the "bobby" a paper,
To take me off to quod,
A week to tread the chafir,
The guv'nor look'd at me,
When I came out on Monday,
I say, old chap, said he,
Where are you going on Sunday?

I'm going somewhere,
Some funny sights to see,
Where are you going on Sunday,
They shouted after me.

Come sit thee down,

SUNG BY MR. J. PLUMPTON.

Come sit thee down, my bonny, bonny love,

Come sit thee down by me, love,
And I will tell thee many a tale,
Of the dangers of the sea,
Of the perils of the deep, love,
Where the aspy tempest roar,
And the raging billow wildly dash,
Upon the groaning shore.

Come sit thee down, &c.

The skies are flaming red, my love,
The skies are flaming red, love,
And darkly rolls the mountain wave,
And rears its monstrous head,
While skies and ocean blending,
And bitter howl is the blast,
And the daring lar, twit life and death
Cling to the shatter'd mast.

Come sit thee down, &c.

NEW COLLECTION OF SONGS

JOE IN THE COPPER.

I'm going to tell a story,
The truth of which I know,
Of Mary Anne, a servant girl,
Whose sweetheart's name was Joe.
Of her mistress and her six-roomed house,
She was by no means proud.
For 'twas one of those strict places,
Where "No followers are allowed!"

I heard her once relate,
How her mistress she did do,
One evening when her Joseph came—
And he was nigh done too.
"One night," said she, "my missus went
Quite early to the play,
And just as if it was to be,
My Joseph came that way.

He threw stones at the window—
I opened the area gate,
Let him in, and laid the cloth,
Supper were twas late.
As nice a ham as e're you clapp'd
Your two eyes on, we'd there.
And, as luck would have it on that day,
The man had brought the beer!

When all at once came Missus back—
Whatever should I do?
(She'd changed her mind about the play)
So down the stairs I flew.
Poor Joseph creeping like a cat,
Into the copper slid.
(Ah! lucky thought!)—but now I feit,
As I popped down the lid.

Then down came Missus, and said she,
"We wash to-morrow morn.—
You'd better light the copper fire,
And make the water warm."
I nearly dropp'd down with affright.
But I was forced to go,
And dip the water, which I pour'd
Into the copper, on poor Joe.

I whispered to dear Joseph,
As the first bell roused his ire,
"Don't never mind, the water's dear,
I won't make up such a fire."
My missus brought the Lucifer,
And I was forced to strike it,
And to light the fire—With poor Joe
Kick'd as if he didn't like it.

I really tank while he got hot,
When a thought came in my head.—
Says I to me since you have been out,
One of your fowls is dead.
She took the candle in her hand,

And by its flickering glimmer,

Joe boiled up the area steps,

Just as he began to simmer."

ANNIE, DEAR, GOOD BYE.

I'm leaning o'er the gate, Annie,
'Neath thy cottage wall,
The grey dawn breaks, the houll down lies,
I hear the trumpet's call.
I could not brook thy cheek so pale,
The sad tear in thine eye,
This heart which laughs at war might quail,
So, Annie dear, good bye!

This heart, &c.

I'm marching with the brave, Annie,
Far from home and thee,
To win renown, perhaps a grave,
A glorious one 'twill be,
But whatsoe'er the fate I meet,
To conquer or to die,
This heart's lastthrob for thee will beat.

So, Annie dear, good bye!

This heart's, &c.

MOTHER, HE'S GOING AWAY.

Promised by Durr and Hodges, Oxford, &c.

Sure, now, what are you crying for, Nelly,
Don't be blubbering there like a fool,
With the weight of your grief, faith I tell ye
Yell break down the three-legged stool.

I suppose how you're crying for Barney,

But don't believe a word that he'd say,

He tells nothing but big lies and blarney,

Sure you know how he served poor Kate

Kearny,

"But mother"—"Oh! bother!"

"But mother he's going away,"

And I dream'd t'other night,

Or his ghost all in white,

Oh mother, he's going away,

I'll be a going away all the better,

Blessed hour when he's out of sight,

There's one comfort you can't get a better,

For he neither can read nor write,

For 'twas only last week you protested,

When he courted fat Biddy Mac-

That the light of the scamp you detected,

Wid abuse, sure, your tongue never fails,

"But mother,"—Oh, bother!

"But mother he's going away,"

And I dream'd that his ghost,

Walked round my bed post,

Oh mother he's going away,

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

The Lodging-House Cat.

WORDS BY G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

MUSIC BY H. H. HOWARD.

Music Publishing Company,
19, Peter's Hill, St. Paul's.

Oh, a wonderful monster there is to be found,
Wherever we look this metropolis round;
Sly in its habits, and keen in its wiles,
All other strange creatures it beats into fits.

When first it appear'd, how it came here to dwell;
Neither Linnaeus nor Buffon is able to tell;
But this I can state, and you'll think
It is commonly known as the Lodging-House Cat.

A rat, a tat tat,
With its feet pit-a-pat,
Beware of the monster,
The Lodging-House Cat!

When first I arrived, jolly green up in town,
And a lodger sought out where I might settle down;
Whatever I missed, from a bone to a hat,
I was always informed, that 'It must be the cat!'
'Dear me!' I would say, 'What a glutinous beast,
His life seems to be one perpetual feast;
The whale swallowed Jonah, but oh has to that,
It would swallow the whale, would the Lodging-House Cat!'

A rat, a tat tat, &c.

Now, as small was my income, I deem'd it but wise,
By cutting myself, to cut off the supplies;
So, I took fresh apartments, without any fuss,
And my luggage conveyed in a Camberwell bus;
But fancy, next morn, if I didn't look blue,
When I found that the monster had changed lodgings too,
And my butter, my bacon, my eggs, and all that,
Had gone down the throat of the Lodging-House Cat.

A rat, a tat tat, &c.

Flesh and blood could not stand to be rob'd at that pace,
So I rang for the missus, and stated my case,
When she threw up her hands with an air of surprise,
And declar'd I was telling a parcel of lies!
'Look here,' I exclaimed; 'No I shant rejoin'd she,
You're a wretch for insulting a lady like me,
'I never steals nothing!' I answer'd her pat,
'Of course not,' the thief is the Lodging-House Cat.

A rat, a tat tat, &c.
Well, again I removed, and now grown an adept,
I took care to inquire if a cat what kept?

'Oh no! not a cat! but a kitten, so small
It would go in a teacup, legs, body, and all.'

But, would you believe it, that kitten afar,
Might have made s'en a bad-constructor to stare,
For its swallow was such as to demonstrate flat,
That the Lodging-House Kitten was worse than the Cat.

A rat, a tat tat, &c.

I entered, like magic, the small abode mine,
Wherell looked up my 'beesey, my grog,
And my beer,

It rifled my boxes, and claimed as its own,

My toothpaste, Macassar, and Eau-de-Cologne;

My fannels, my waistcoats, my powders—
My pills,

My bootblacks, and morneshatum, all con-

tained its gills—

You, even my coals, but for mouse or for

rat;

Not the ghost of a taste had the Lodging-

-House Cat!

A rat, a tat tat, &c.

But of all the strange things I might venture to name
In this cataline plot, the most strange
Was this same,—

Though traces there were where the monster had been,
Like the famous sea-serpent, it never

Was seen!

I had skinned my brandy, and poison-

ed my wine,

But the animal's lives were nine hundred

and nine;

So I vow'd, with an oath, which you'll scarce marvel at,

I'd get rid, at all cost, of this Lodging-

-House cat!

A rat, a tat tat, &c.

Well, I shut myself up in the cupboard one night,

And lay you'll imagine, packed in rather tight,

Till I heard a faint footstep ascend the stairs fast—

'Now,' I said to myself, 'Here's the monster, at last!'

A small bunch of keys reached the lock in a crack,

And the door of the cupboard flew instant back,

When a shriek rent the air—'Is that you

Mr. Pratt?'

'Oh yes sirr, and you are the Lodging-

-Mouse Cat!'

A rat, a tat tat, &c.

There are cats that are large, there are cats that are small;

There are cats with nine tails, and with no tails at all;

There are polecats, and minks, and cat-sleepy,

Cataracts, cataplasma, and catastrophes;

But of all cats to gobble, and all cats to cheat,

The worst is the monster that goes on two feet;

So, bachelors all, take a hint from a fat

Shun the fatuous Jack Sheppard, the Lodging-House Cat.

TO HAWORTH

AN OLD SPILL VERSUS

I'm too fat to do it.

Tune—“Mrs. Johnson.”

AN OLD SPILL VERSUS

It is a fact I'm very stout, and fit

to walk about, scarcely breath I can bring out,

“Oos I'm too fat to do it,

The boy's a very saucy cry,

Orikey! there's a prime pig guy,

I cannot catch them tho' I try,

“Oos I'm too fat to do it.

AN OLD SPILL VERSUS

An omnibus one day did stop,

Inside I was going to pop,

Reck'd to go upon the top,

“Oos I'm too fat to do it,

The conductor then began abuse,

On the top to go I did not choose,

For I tell you 'tis no use,

“Oos I'm too fat to do it.

AN OLD SPILL VERSUS

One day I saw a lovely gal,

Dress'd so neat, not half-a-dar.

Married be I never shall,

“Oos I'm too fat to do it.

She said do walk a little way,

Something to you I have to say,

I replied, sneeze me, pray,

“Oos I'm too fat to do it,

AN OLD SPILL VERSUS

Put a husband, said that she,

For better or worse she would take me

I answered, but so seriously,

I am too fat to do it.

Her husband heart I did refuse,

Bach's vallery gave me of abuse,

My dear, I answered, 'tis no use,

“Oos I'm too fat to do it.

AN OLD SPILL VERSUS

Around my neck her arms she threw,

Took a kiss, my gold watch too,

I tried to holla, that couldn't do,

“Oos I'm too fat to do it.

I followed but a little way,

She was near a mile away,

A policeman come, not a word could say

“Oos I'm too fat to do it.

So excuse my longer stay,

I really must go away,

Bach! I have no more to say,

“Oos I'm too fat to do it.

If you call some other maid,

To amuse you strive I might.

At present evident 'tis quite

I am too fat to do it.

AN OLD SPILL VERSUS

TOASTS.

MAY YOUR PLEASURES CONTINUE

AND YOUR SORROWS BE DISTANT

MAY FRIENDSHIP DRAW THE CORD,

AND LOVE THE CURTAIN

MAY THE HINGES OF FRIENDSHIP NEVER RUST.